

# Wichita Daily Eagle

## BIG GAME RESORTS.

Wild Animals That Roam in the Jungles of Malaya.

Of the three great islands of the Malay peninsula, as a big game resort, Sumatra is said to be the best, Borneo the worst. In Sumatra all the great mammalian varieties are to be found—the tiger, the elephant, the rhinoceros, tapir and orang-outang. In Java, the elephant, tapir and orang-outang are missing, but the rhinoceros and tiger are represented. In Borneo all these large animals are unknown now, though, doubtless, they existed there in former years.

Sumatra offers less inducement to the general order of visitors than the other two mentioned above, for several reasons. The climate is more, venomous snakes are more numerous, and the greater part of the island, which is still unopened up, is occupied by Batak tribes, who do not encourage strangers. This part of the world has been extensively colonized by the Dutch, who seem to have made themselves universally hated, owing to the high-handed manner with which they treated the natives. If the stranger can succeed in persuading the Malay that, though white, he is not a Dutchman, he will probably be well received. People who have had an opportunity of judging of their character, pronounce these natives to be peaceable, docile, sober and industrious, and the most truthful of the Asiatic races; and, in addition, skillful workers.

The shikari will find the going bad in such regions as have no roads. For hours, sometimes, he will have to make his way through a slushy, not infrequently finding himself, like the Irishman in the story, "up to the ankles in mud," but as he forgets to mention, "head downward." Added to this, he must be prepared to view everything through a perfect maze of mosquitoes. Such is the home of the white rhinoceros, and further the hunter must venture who wishes to get a shot at him.

This may be remarked, is by no means synonymous with bagging his pachydermatous majesty. Indeed, he often does not turn the tables on his pursuer, this considerably takes the gilt off the "shikari's" gingerbread. The monster is said to be the only animal that will attack man unprovoked, and considering that, unwieldy though he looks, he can go as fast as a horse, the encounter is no joke. The retreating hunter's best course is to seek safety up a tree, though, unless it is a pretty stout one, this will not better his position much. Even if it is, he may be "tired" there for a considerable time. Unless a European is quite fever proof, and provided with special tonics, this branch of sport is better left untried.

However, should he be sufficiently venturesome to attempt the Sumatra jungles, in spite of the above-mentioned drawbacks, he will probably find an undisturbed and well-stocked hunting ground, the island being, as the natives say, "fairly swarming with tigers." The orang-outang has survived his trip in these parts, so that there is no reason why others should be deterred, so long as they use ordinary care.

Monkeys abound in endless variety in all these islands, but especially in Borneo. The most remarkable birds were the hornbills, peacocks, pigeons of various kinds, and a very handsome peacock; also, several water birds, vaders and lovely kingfishers. There are said to be no less than two hundred and forty species of land birds known to inhabit this island of Java, while at least forty are peculiar to it.

On the other hand, no less than sixteen genera found in the adjacent islands are absent from this one. Rhinoceros, leopards, wild dogs, and other smaller game are to be met with, and deer are abundant, but there is no antelope or goat.

To the botanist Java would be full of interest, the beauty and variety of its flora being amazing. The island is very rich in fresh-water fishes, reptiles and insects of all kinds—too rich in the last two named, some people think.—L. Field, in Golden Days.

## Funerals and Holidays.

The morning papers announce the death of some ecclesiastical and clerical going to their work, find the funeral decorators shaking out the folds of the inevitable black goods. Then their first exclamation is: "We shall have a holiday today and on the day of the funeral." "Who's dead?" Black has come to be known as the holiday attire of the government departments. Merchants actually advertise "holiday sales" for days, when dead statesmen are to be buried, and the clerks push out to hunt bargains or drink beer while the buildings are mourning. Washington is a city of funerals. When they haven't the corpse they have the demonstration and the funeral oratory. The eulogies over dead members and senators in the house and senate have become a dismal farce. Day after day the business is interrupted by the announcement of eulogies to be pronounced over a year before, and often the man whose praises are to be pronounced in tearful eloquence has never been in congress at all, but has died soon after election and is known to none.—Washington Letter.

## How Artless.

She—Mrs. Hoar was telling us the other day how her husband proposed to her, and how do you suppose he did it? He—Well, I should say in the dark by mistake.—Des Moines Argonaut.

## Only a Remnant.

The oldest fence was pulled down. The moon was clear and pale. Her lower half had left. But thereby hangs a tale.—Life.

## The Wonderful Cynosurus of Rhodes.

The Colossus of Rhodes, the second in the list of the seven wonders of the world of the ancients, was a great, brazen statue of Apollo, which stretched its huge legs across the harbor of Rhodes, and was so large that ships under full sail passed between them. It was one hundred and five feet high and of exact proportions. The erection of this monster statue was begun in the year 550 B. C., but it was not finished for something like two hundred years after. It was of brass, and was cast in sections. After standing for over three thousand years it was overturned by an earthquake in the year 226 B. C. It weighed seven hundred and twenty thousand nine hundred pounds.

## WAIFS BY HUNDREDS.

The Great Work of Sister Irene's Asylum.

23,600 Babies Received Since It Was Opened—Babies Loaned to Fashionable Women—How the Asylum is Conducted.

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All New York was ill-natured. Stinging breezes springing from the East river met others from the North and lifted huge spirals of dust and debris in the crowded streets. Car drivers caught in the welter of dust and debris, and the yellowed faces of the ragged children and the white faces of the women who came to the door of the asylum, were a sight to be seen. Conductors pulled the bell strap with one hand and showed the blinking raindrops off the platform with the other. Cabbies darted from behind the dust clouds with intent to kill, only to have their horses' heads savagely jerked by men pedestrians, while the women complained raspingly to policemen on the curb. Painfully the metropolitan temper was on edge.

In one of the upper cars sat two neatly dressed women anxiously trying to soothe a fretting baby. But it continued to wail in desultory fashion as



LEARNING HER PRAYERS.

the women left the car and made their way against the wind, to an immense stone building fronting an aristocratic avenue and running back through the block to the street, they had left. As the door opened the baby ceased abruptly in the midst of a long drawn sob, for just beyond he saw a queer, big white figure holding out its arms to him and smiling, and back



MERELY A CHUBBY BABY.

of it was a strange red light, altogether better than any moon or orange to be had for crying. And as if this were not enough to suit any baby in his senses, there were funny blotches of color which looked good to pull at on the shiny floor, and all over the walls were dozens of children in pretty red and blue and purple dresses playing with woolly lambs or resting in the arms of a man who seemed to be telling very wonderful stories.

The baby cooed and stretched an uncertain little fist toward the children and the very white woman over there who held out her arms to him still, as he was carried away under the guidance of a white capped girl.

As the group disappeared a nun walked slowly down the room and passed beside the statue of the Holy Mother. Behind them the great window blazed with a soft radiance, three crimson and tawny gleams on the black figure and the copies of the masters on the walls.

And fifty feet beyond was the dust of Tammany ridden New York, jangling traffic and all the sin which had made this huge structure a necessity.

"You would like to see our babies?" the nun was asking. "Be careful! Don't say you will study them all today, for we have a few more than 500 just at present. However, you may follow me," she concluded, primly, as though with the unseemly twinkle in her eye.

Five hundred babies and not a sound to be heard! In rapid succession the doors of kindergarten rooms were thrown open to show rows of absurdly tiny chairs and tangles of color woven from everything dear to the fancy of a baby's heart. There were windows in every available space; the huge structure was literally honeycombed with them.

"As I often tell the sisters," said the nun, half sighing, "we live in a glass house here. Listen! You can hear the children now."

Through a closed door came a soft and continuous sound like summer rain on leaves, or a brook splashing over pebbles by the roadside. It was a happy, contented murmur, resolving itself in another instant to component parts of crooning songs, mysterious laughter at tales of baby lore, inarticulate responses and the shuffle of scores of toddling feet.

A moment's pause at the door, and then the children, with perfect fearlessness, turn toward the sister and the stranger mother straight

into the arms which they know will be opened to clasp them tight. Tender hands wind confidingly around our necks and rub our cheeks, while dewy lips shower kisses. Other little ones distanced in the race for favor press their heads against our arms and seize our hands in readiness for the walk through the nursery. They have found a new plaything. And they have not learned the bitter lesson which awaits them that, of all the children in the world, they have no right to its gifts of name or place or honor. The only home they have known thus far is the big sunny room where none but loving women come to romp and sing and to comfort the heart of the motherless child which can be lonely at times even here. And so, of course, by plain reason

soning there is much to be lost, they argue, in pretending to be shy with people who bring things which make many kisses worth while. They lock arms in rows of four and back down the aisle, they rush from the shelter of the white curtain like animated catapaults; they stare solemnly, and with general interest begin to wane, walk away to discuss it at their leisure.

Two pretty maidens of 3, nodding under silky curls, hovered about us, humming "Woe and May, Woe and May."

plenty of room. Really, the prospect seemed too good to be true. In the dining room were troublous times. There was a great demand for apple sauce, and short, sharp discussions concerning its disposition. Bread and butter could be safely tucked under one's arm while milk was drunk, but this plainly exposed the sauce to attack, and there seemed no other way out of the difficulty than to yell lustily until the nun's white hand should interpose to protect the rightful claimant of the luxury.

"What little animals they are!" exclaimed the nun, softly adding, "Will you look at Sister Irene's cradle now?" Ah, yes! This famous cradle which is one of the bits of history of New York.

Now it stands, a dainty nest in white and blue, just inside the door of the largest charitable institution of its



LOANED BY THE OUTDOOR DEPARTMENT.

kind on this continent twenty years ago it rocked in the blasts of winter or swung under summer stars in front of a humble dwelling in a humble street. The three nuns under the guidance of Sister Irene watched it from the house. Within a month forty-five new born infants had been left within it under cover of the night. For four years it rocked on the street; then the sisters took it inside because its fame had gone all over the country, and women from Richmond and girls from Maine came for aid, which the sisters could offer only to New York's unfortunate. Since then, 23,600 motherless have stood beside it to signify as they laid a child upon the pillow, that they utterly renounced all claims of motherhood forever.

Never yet has a glad heart leaned over it. Never has the pure white wicker basket symbolized the hopes of women as they look upon their firstborn. It means only a score of years of bitter tragedy, repeated wearily thousands of times, as a tale which can never be told. Lives have been broken and blotted because they must approach it, and other lives have been sustained because they once drew breath within it. And yet, charity built it, and because it is here, 500 children, gathered under one roof, are laughing and sleeping and growing as fast as any children can.

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At the door they joined again and hurried down the corridor, heads bobbing and awkward bodies tense with effort.

As the last head vanished a single shriek of amazement woke every crib baby in the room. In the middle of the floor stood a boy just promoted to the dignity of his legs and four teeth. Doubtless the occasion was quite new to him, but instinct told the meaning of the exodus, which somehow he had missed. So, catching breath, which was not to be wasted in grief, he struck out boldly, staggering down the room as fast as ignorant little legs could bring him. A rapturous smile broke over his face as we stood aside to give him

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## CRIBB JOHNSON.

How He Got His Start as a Book-maker.

He Unknowingly Answers a Call for a Detective and Reaps a Rich Reward—Luck Had Been Against Him for Many a Day.

The sun had been shining for some time in a dismal sort of way through the dirty skylight that formed the only means of lighting the little trunk room, partitioned off from the hall on the top floor of the cheap boarding house in which Crabb Johnson slept since he had been "broke" and couldn't pay his room rent.

"I hadn't had no luck since I went blind of dat razor-backed quinter, Mohammed. Yer see, it was er good ting an' come straight from der stable. Dey played him all over town, an' er nuff good money went in on him ter buy out der city. I had er pretty good roll at der time an' when I went inter der poolroom in der mornin' an' saw der right kind er money goin' down in big lumps, I knew dey was countin' on er big hog killin'. An' I thought I'd go in along wid 'em an' win out er little 'chunk' meself. Der odds begun ter drop an' I felt sailed in an' went my pile at der best money I could git, an' den I got all der fellows I know'd onder him an' pretty soon everybody 'tumbled, an' dey slung der 'stuff at him till dey backed him down from six ter four ter five, an' b'fore two o'clock he stood 'favorite' on der boards.

"Well, dat just made me sick, 'cause I know'd he'd win quicker at six dan he would as 'favorite,' an' I rascled 'round, tryin' ter raise some 'dust' ter hedge, but no go; I couldn't find er cent, so I had ter let it slide, an' everyting come out just as I thought.

"Well, when der flog dropped he got off in der lead and made der runnin' clean 'round ter der tree quarters. Den Dundee come up wid er rushaloung-side, an' dey come inter der stretch neck an' neck, an' bo't jocks was ridin' for all der was worth, but b'fore dey got half way ter der wire, der ole boss quinter der odder one beat him out by half er length. Yes, sir, he would end up wid 'It looked good at first, but he couldn't beat Dundee in er hundred yards wid der 'odds against him.'"

On this particular morning, as the landlady pushed open the thin board door that he had locked upon retiring by setting a chair against it, to call him, he did not respond with his usual cheerfulness, but simply turned himself over, grumbling something about being "stiff as er pair er wooden saw horses."

Giving his hair a brush or two, he remarked, as he surveyed portions of himself by the aid of a three-cornered piece of looking glass tacked upon the wall, that he reminded himself of an outsider upon a wet track. Then he slid quietly down the stairs and out of the door, because he didn't like to see anybody in his present state. Then he went around to one of the poolrooms, and this was the way it happened, told in his own fashion.

"Yer see, it was dis way. I'd just dropped inter der White Elephant ter look at der 'odds,' when er messenger came up ter me and ast if I was Mr.

"THIS IS FOR YOU," HE SAID. Johnson, I said I was, an' he said: 'Dis is fer you.' I signed, an' he took er sneak b'fore I opened it. Yer see I thought it was er tip from one of der boys, but when I read what was onto it I jest went up to der front at der first jump, 'cause I didn't know jest exactly what I'd struck. Yer see, I couldn't make out der 'nitals, but dey kinder looked like mine, an' I was talkin' no chances. Dis is what it was: 'Mr. Johnson, please call at der—house at der earliest possible moment; most important. As't fer Mr. Snell. Well, I didn't like ter go der way I was lookin', but I won't go in ter lose er good ting by any squeamishness, so I went off at er run ter meet der bloke' an' find out what he wanted. On der way I met er 'tout' I know'd an' 'hit him for er quarter, an' when I an' took er big drink ter kinder brace me up. I felt er little bit skittish when I went inter der place, 'cause I didn't know jest what I was goin' ter strike, but I made a big bluff an' walked up ter der desk an' ast fer Mr. Snell. Der clerk looked at me like he owned 'bout all her runnin' stock in der country an' ast me if I wanted ter send up my card.

"Well, I hadn't got no card, 'cept er 'lostin' ticket on Powder Face,' says I, 'but yer can tell him Johnson is down here waitin' for der chance.'"

"Yer see, of course, certin', said he, wid his face growin' red like, 'he hit ar big bell, an' when er nigger comes runnin' up, said: 'Show dis gentleman ter No. 24.'"

"Dere was tree gentlemen settin' at der table eatin', an' when I went in dey all got up onder dere feet an' went ter der same kind of er dress dat der clerk had done downstairs